Conuerting all your ſoundes of woe,
Into hey nony nony.

Sing no more ditties, ſing no moe,
Of dumps ſo dull and heauy,
The fraud of men was euer ſo,
Since ſummer firſt was leauy,
Then ſigh not ſo,&c.

Prince By my troth a good ſong.
Balth. And an ill ſinger my lord.
Prince Ha, no no faith, thou ſingſt wel enough for a ſhift.
Ben. And he had bin a dog that ſhould haue howld thus, they would haue hangd him, and I pray God his bad voice bode no miſcheefe, I had as liue haue heard the night-rauen, come what plague could haue come after it.
Prince Yea mary, dooſt thou heare Balthaſar? I pray thee get vs ſome excellent muſique: for to morow night we would haue it at the ladie Heroes chamber window.
Balth. The beſt I can my lord.

Exit Balthaſar.

Prince Do ſo, farewell. Come hither Leonato, what was it you told mee of to day, that your niece Beatrice was in loue with ſignior Benedicke?
Cla. O I, ſtalke on, ſtalk on, the foule ſits, I did neuer think that lady would haue loued any man.
Leo. No nor I neither, but moſt wonderful, that ſhe ſhould ſo dote on ſignior Benedicke, whome ſhe hath in all outward behauiors ſeemd euer to abhorre.
Bene. Iſt poſſible? ſits the wind in that corner?
Leo. By my troth my Lord, I cannot tell what to thinke of it, but that ſhe loues him with an inraged affection, it is paſt the infinite of thought.
Prince May be ſhe doth but counterfeit.
Claud. Faith like enough.
Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was neuer counterfeit of paſſion, came ſo neare the life of paſſion as ſhe diſcouers it.

Prince

Prince Why what effects of paſſion ſhewes ſhe?
Claud. Baite the hooke wel, this fiſh will bite.
Leon. What effects my Lord? ſhe wil ſit you, you heard m
daughter tell you how.
Claud. She did indeede.
Prince How, how I pray you! you amaze me, I would ha
thought her ſpirite had beene inuincible againſt all aſſaults
affection.
Leo. I would haue ſworn it had, my lord, eſpecially agai
Benedicke.
Bene. I ſhould think this a gull, but that the white beard
fellow ſpeakes it: knauery cannot ſure hide himſelf in ſuch
uerence.
Claud. He hath tane th'infection, hold it vp.
Prince Hath ſhee made her affection knowne to Be
dicke?
Leonato No, and ſweares ſhee neuer will, thats her to
ment.
Claudio Tis true indeed, ſo your daughter ſaies: ſhall I, ſa
ſhe that haue ſo oft encountred him with ſcorne, write to h
that I loue him?
Leo. This ſaies ſhe now when ſhe is beginning to write
him, for ſheel be vp twenty times a night, and there will ſhe
in her ſmocke, til ſhe haue writ a ſheete of paper: my daugh
tels vs all.
Clau. Now you talk of a ſheet of paper, I remember a pr
ieſt your daughter told of vs.
Leonato O when ſhe had writ it, and was reading it ouer, ſ
found Benedicke and Beatrice betweene the ſheete.
Claudio That.
Leon. O ſhe tore the letter into a thouſand halfpence, ra
at her ſelf, that ſhe ſhould be ſo immodeſt to write, to one th
ſhe knew would flout her, I meaſure him, ſaies ſhe, by my ow
ſpirit, for I ſhould flout him, if he writ to me, yea thogh I lo
him I ſhould.
Clau. Then downe vpon her knees ſhe falls, weepes, ſob
beates her heart, teares her haire, prayes, curſes, O ſweet Ben